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## Notice.

Subscribers are informed that a Quarter's Subscription to *Christmas, 1845*, is now due, and they are respectfully requested to forward the same as early as possible.

## Mr. Wallace's New Opera.

THE star of our national opera is in the ascendant. An original work, in three acts, by a British composer, was produced on Saturday night, at Drury Lane theatre, before one of the most densely crowded audiences ever assembled within the walls of that establishment. Its reception was enthusiastic. The composer is Mr. William Vincent Wallace—the work in question, his long expected opera of *Maritana*.

We have more than once told our readers that Mr. Wallace is by birth an Irishman—that in his early youth he was leader of the orchestra in the Theatre Royal, Dublin—that he was celebrated as a violinist and was noticed with great interest by Paganini—that, since then, he has travelled over the greater part of the United States and Mexico—that he has resided both in the East and West Indies, and everywhere supported a brilliant reputation in the three-fold capacity of pianist, violinist, and composer—that recently he has traversed Germany and Belgium, giving concerts in the principal towns and performing with eminent success on the pianoforte and violin—and that, finally, he well sustained his transatlantic fame during the London concert season of the present year. All this our readers know, and they have also seen our testimony to the abilities of Mr. Wallace, as a composer for the pianoforte, in our recent notice of some of his published works. It is, therefore, unnecessary to remind our readers who and what kind of a person is the successful composer of *Maritana*.

The story chosen by Mr. Wallace for adaptation to music, is the popular and well-known *Don Cesar de Bazan*. On Mr. Fitzball devolved the task of reducing and modifying it to the form necessary for musical purposes. How that famous melodramatist has achieved his task, will be gathered from our subsequent remarks.

The performers engaged in the opera were Miss Romer (*Maritana*); Miss Poole (*Lazarillo, the Page*); Mrs. Selby (*Marchioness de Montefiori*); Mr. W. Harrison (*Don Cesar de Bazan*); Mr. H. Phillips (*Don José de Santarem*); Mr. Borroni (*Charles II., King of Spain*); Mr. H. Horncastle (*Marquis de Montefiori*); Mr. S. Jones (*Captain of the Guards*); Mr. Morgan (*Alcade*), and many subordinates. The orchestra, strengthened for the occasion was led by

Mr. Hughes. The choruses were under the superintendence of Mr. Tully.

The story of *Don Cesar de Bazan* is well known—we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to incidental allusions in the progress of our notice of the music.

On entering the orchestra Mr. Wallace was greeted by a prolonged shout of enthusiastic applause. A new composer was before the audience—a native of Great Britain—and great things from him were evidently anticipated. When the tumult of plaudits had subsided, Mr. Wallace waved his baton, and amidst breathless silence, the overture began.

If we look for overtures to *Zauberflöte*, *Egmont*, or *Der Freischütz*, to our modern operas, we shall be disappointed. Strange to say, though audiences are more than ever disposed to listen to and admire them, overtures are altogether out of fashion with the dramatic composers of the day, who usually bestow less care on them than on any other part of their work. Rossini and his tail, Auber and his tail, Meyerbeer and his tail, have given the death blow to overtures. These modern celebrities have either thought them beneath their attention, or above their capabilities—for undoubtedly the greater number of their opera overtures are vapid common-places, sparkling trifles, or short and meaningless preludes, without attempt at form or development. Of course there are a few brilliant exceptions, but a very few indeed. Except Spohr, no modern composer bestows any pains on his overtures, and it is left to Mendelssohn and the concert-room composers to preserve this interesting species of musical writing from absolute neglect and ultimate oblivion. In revenge for operas without overtures, these musicians give us overtures without operas—and ordinarily, it must be confessed, they have the best of it. We cannot acquit Mr. Wallace from the prevalent apathy. His overture, amidst much that is brilliant and effective, evinces unmistakable marks of haste and indifference. It opens impressively enough with some mysterious passages in D minor—which lead to a slow melody afterwards heard in the opera—which gives way to a brilliant dominant and tonic phrase—which is interrupted by a livelier melody, also resumed in the opera—which stops suddenly for a bold snatch of *fugato* of questionable relationship with the rest—which conducts back again to the first *motivo*—and so on to the end with a dashing *coda*. In all this we remark facility, fanciful orchestration, and plenty of melodic phrases—but we miss seriousness of purpose, clear design, and elaborate development. However, maugre some stout opposition, the overture, which was coarsely but energetically executed by the band, obtained a loud encore. The curtain draws up, and we find ourselves in a square in Madrid—*Maritana*, the gipsy girl, singing and dancing—a crowd of people observing her with interest—the King of Spain, disguised, wandering about like a disembodied spirit, and, as the book says—contemplating *Maritana*, ever and anon, with

earnest devotion—acting the part of Claude Rollo in *Notre Dame* to admiration. The opening chorus of the populace, "Sing, pretty maiden, sing," is a pretty sparkling tune, in F major, conducting to a romance, "It was a knight of princely mien," in A minor, for Maritana, replete with the tender charm peculiar to Spanish melodies. The phrase in the major is very happy, and gives a gentle relief to the sadness of the preceding *motivo*. The burden of the romance is how a king encountered a gipsy girl in the forest and became enamoured of her beauty and her singing;—the King is Charles II. of Spain, the gipsy maiden is Maritana herself. The chorus listen with interest, interrupting the singer with short ejaculatory phrases expressive of sympathy, and presenting her with money. The king listens the while with admiration. At this moment enters Don José de Santarem, a nobleman of high distinction attached to the court. He recognises the king,—having previously observed him in the same disguise—while giving money, as one of the crowd, to Maritana. He enters into conversation with Maritana, and entreats her to sing a romance which the Queen of Spain had stopped her carriage to listen to, the preceding day. Maritana consents and sings—

"I hear it again,  
'Tis a harp in the air!—"

a delicious flow of quiet tune, in E flat, embellished with an accompaniment *obligato* for the harp, which is both pleasing and original. After each couplet the chorus respond with short snatches of melody, requesting Maritana to sing again. Don José rewards her, like the king, with a golden quadruple, and tells her that her first munificent benefactor was Don Raphael d'Arpinas, the most wealthy gentleman of Madrid. At this moment the evening chimes are heard—Maritana and the crowd obey the solemn hint, and, kneeling, chaunt an orison (or *Angelus*). There is merit in this, but it has the disadvantage of being forced into comparison with the two short and beautiful glimpses of devotional harmony in Auber's *Muette de Portici*—from the last of which it has taken more than one hint, and with neither of which can it endure a comparison as regards musical beauty. Moreover, we must exclaim against the inappropriateness of the brilliant orchestral accompaniments to wards the close. Mr. Wallace will like us the better for estimating him fairly and severely. An honest criticism of a work of true genius, is of infinitely more use to the author than a continued strain of preposterous and unmeaning flattery—which a clever and thoughtful artist (such as we know Mr. Wallace to be) will be the foremost to allow. Don José now resumes his conversation with Maritana, and listens to her dreams of impossible greatness with encouraging interest. This gives occasion for a duet, "Of fairy wand had I the power," embodying the spirit of the dialogue. The duet begins with some graceful passages in G major, which give way to a lovely solo, in B flat, for Maritana, the whole winding up with a characteristic and sparkling melody, resumed in the primitive key. The duet is well voiced, effectively instrumented, and clear in design. Cries are heard from without, of "the Queen," and Maritana runs off in the hope of again attracting her attention. Don José remains behind, and indicates in soliloquy his hopes that the realization of Maritana's dream, through the attentions of the King, will favor the success of his own design on the virtue of the Queen—by which the reader will perceive that his Donship is not a highly moral character. At this moment the hero of the piece, Don César de Bazan, rushes out of an obscure tavern, in a state of undeniable intoxication, complaining in vituperative language of having been cheated of all his money, to the last maravedi. Don César is a nobleman of distinction, and was at one time wealthy, no less than noble—but dissipa-

tion and ill habits have combined to bring him to the lowest state of degradation. He has been long absent from Madrid, and owing to the unseemly motliness of his attire, his old acquaintance, Don José, does not recognise him. When at last he recalls him to memory, Don José demands an account of his adventures, and Don César avows that he had been absent from Madrid to elude the pursuit of his creditors. Exulting in his prodigal mode of life, he sings a cavatina, descriptive of his particular notions of recklessness and folly. This has given Mr. Wallace a good opportunity for producing a wild and energetic melody, in B flat minor, with a characteristic accompaniment *a la bolero*. After this, while Don César explains his reasons for returning—Lazarillo, a poor boy who has run away from his master, enters, pursued by a captain and guards, who wish to take him back to his employer. Don César interposes, and a long concerted piece occurs, in which Don César violently remonstrates with the boy's pursuers. Lazarillo, Don José, and the Captain, take part in the concerted piece, which is written with great spirit and correctness, and concludes with a *morceau d'ensemble* of much beauty and ingenuity—for four voices and chorus. In the course of this piece, Don César, who is of a violent and daring temper, has struck the captain, whereupon a duel becomes vitally necessary, and the stage is cleared of all the characters, with the exception of Don José, who warns the captain, as he departs, to be careful, for that Don César "is a dead thrust." Maritana returns, having seen the queen, and been again favorably noticed by her. Here Don José conceives the idea that Maritana and Don César may be made instrumental to his views—but ere he can explain himself to the former, he is interrupted by a crowd of people, who approach Maritana for the purpose of having their fortunes told—which gives occasion for a chorus and concerted piece, that may be pronounced the *chef d'œuvre* of the first act. The opening chorus of the people—

"Pretty Gitana, tell us,  
What the fates decree"—

is a deliciously quaint melody, in E minor, admirably voiced and immensely effective. The solos of Maritana, addressed to the different persons whose fortunes she tells, are well conceived and skillfully varied—the responses of the chorus being also highly effective. But the apex of the whole is a sparkling *aria*, in E major, florid in character, and difficult of execution, sung by Maritana to Don José, who pretends to tell the Gitana's own fortune, and prophecies for her "a splendid equipage, and a speedy marriage." The gush of joyfulness with which the responsive solo of Maritana is endowed, beautifully paints the feelings of the gipsy, and won an enthusiastic encore—the only one in the first act, with the exception of the overture. The *Finale* to the first act embodies the triumphant exultations of Don César, who, it would appear, has "peppered" the Captain—and his arrest, in spite of much opposition from the crowd, and the interposition of Maritana, who crediting the promises of Don José, that tomorrow she shall be a duchess, offers to pay his ransom in gold. He is eventually, however, carried off by the *Alcade* and his followers. The musical rendering of this is spirited and varied, albeit the instrumentation is occasionally super-obstrepous. The boast of Don César is conveyed in a bold swaggering phrase that is highly expressive—Maritana's offer to ransom him is rendered with great felicity—and the wind-up is brilliant and exciting. This *Finale* might have been more elaborate, but could hardly have been better in character with the bustle of the scene. The orchestra tells the tale throughout, and the composer's resources in variety of instrumentation



are as much worthy of remark as his prodigious facility in conquering the vast quantity of verses that would seem to obstruct his path, but which he clears away with surprising ease. Altogether the first act closes admirably and the fall of the drop-scene was followed by a loud and spontaneous volley of plaudits from every corner of the house. The name of Mr. Wallace being clamorously vociferated he bowed from his place in the orchestra, in acknowledgment of the honor. Thus triumphantly concluded the first step in the new opera. The curiosity and interest of the crowd, great as they were at the commencement, were now heightened to intensity, and satisfaction was legibly written in every face. The whole scene, indeed, was one of almost unexampled excitement.

J. W. D.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Rochester and its Cathedral.

(From a correspondent.)

Having often noticed with marked satisfaction the deep interest you appear to take in Musical Antiquities, especially as connected with our venerable church, I am induced to forward you a few hasty notes, sketched during a late ramble, in the hope of contributing to your readers' amusement, if not information. I need hardly tell anybody where Rochester stands on the map, or that it is a very charming and picturesque city; but few, except those who have visited it, are at all aware of its numerous attractions, architectural as well as musical. The architecture of the cathedral is of a very mixed character, some portions being manifestly referable to the period of the Conquest, while others appear to date even as late as the Commonwealth. But though much varied in style, the elegant and decorated seems to preponderate over the more cumbrous Norman. The great east window, especially, can hardly fail to attract the notice of the amateur, as being one of the most elaborate specimens of architectural fancy extant. The beauties of this fine building, however, had been gradually falling into decay, until by the noble liberality of the Dean and Chapter the whole fabric has undergone complete restoration. Thanks to the skill of the architect (Mr. Cottingham, I believe), the interior presents one of those gorgeous spectacles which are, unfortunately, but too seldom found in our churches. In addition to a complete renovation of all the stone work, the floor of the choir and nave has been covered with a tessellated pavement of grotesque and beautiful description—arabesque paintings in profusion line the roof, and, to crown all, the great east window, before mentioned, has been filled in with a fine specimen of stained glass, representing the Sermon on the Mount. Thus much for the building; and I now pass on to the matter that will, probably, have more interest for you and your readers, viz., the musical arrangements for its service. These are on a scale of grandeur which I firmly wish might find imitation in other cathedral establishments. The choir consists of twelve boys and eighteen men, all of whom are in regular daily attendance. The effect of such a body of voices is of course vast in itself, and by the diligent training of Mr. John Hopkins, the organist, a degree of perfection has been attained in the performance of the duty that goes further than anything

I have yet heard to substantiate that character for sublimity which has always been attributed to our cathedral service. The effect of the responsorial portions of the liturgy, is solemn and touching in the highest degree; the chaunting is done with wonderful accuracy, and the full services and anthems roll through the solemn arcades of the building in reverberating volumes of sound that must be heard to be conceived. The old organ originally stood in the north transept, but had nothing, I believe, to recommend it, except the fact that its keys once yielded responsively to the divine touch of Henry Purcell, who was appointed organist here—so say the cathedral records—in the year 1672, or about two years prior to his removal to Westminster Abbey. The choir books, now disused, contain no less than three anthems by this famous master, which, I am informed, exist in no other collection. The titles of these highly curious compositions, I am sorry to say, I neglected to copy. The magnificent new organ, which stands in the usual place (on the screen), is a very large and extremely fine instrument, built by Messrs. Gray and Davison. Its three manuals are all of the orthodox C compass, and it contains the unusually large number of 85 stops. The bellows which supply this vast instrument are wrought by the power of a horse, through the intervention of machinery similar to that employed in drawing water from the famous well in Carisbroke castle. The tone of this instrument is at once grand, varied, and enchanting. The subdued melody of its softer parts, and the overwhelming thunder of its full power, are both, to my mind, unexampled, even in that triumph of foreign skill the celebrated organ at Freiburg. With such an instrument, Mr. Editor, and so strong a choir, you may easily imagine the sublime effect imparted to the daily ministrings of the church. I attended the service a few mornings since, and shall not easily forget the impression then produced on me. The solemn repose of the scene, the still and abstracted demeanor of the congregation assembled, the gorgeous and mystic light streaming through the huge east window and tinting with its painted glories the whole building and its contents, from the lofty vaults of the roof to the white surplices of the officiating priests and choir below, were all circumstances in the general picture which seemed to recall the days of Gundolph and the splendours of his episcopal sway. Some people, sir, may affect to despise such extraneous influences, but, for my part, I must confess they tended in no slight degree to prepare my mind for the enjoyment of that full flood of ravishing harmony which presently awaited me. It is quite unnecessary to describe the service in detail, but I cannot help alluding to the chanting of the psalms, wherein the antiphonal mode of singing, here practised by such a number of voices, produces an effect, not only majestic in itself, but absolutely novel, when compared with the paltry imitations of this fine old custom to be observed in other cathedrals. The service was "Croft's in A."—I quote my technicalities from a printed list of services for the week, which hangs up on each side of the entrance into the choir—and I need hardly add that it is a magnificent specimen of the ecclesiastical school. The singing of the choir was in every way worthy of so noble a production, each side vying with the other in earnest and zealous, but devotional, utterance of the inspired words, and sublime strains, before them. I must, however, confess myself to have been more pleased with the anthem, both on account of its intrinsic merit and the superior scope it afforded for the display of the organ. The composer, Mr. John Hopkins, has selected his words from the 33rd Psalm, commencing with the first verse—"Rejoice in the Lord;" and has carried out the varying sentiment of this fine Psalm in a way to prove that,

though a young man, he is an experienced musician. The style has much attractiveness, arising from an admixture of the severe discipline of ancient counterpoint with the greater freedom of melody and harmony introduced by the modern luminaries of the art. There is a trio—technically called a “verse,” I believe—to the words, “The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord,” which especially captivated my attention. The melody abounds with flowing and pastoral sweetness, and the composer introduced a varied accompaniment on the clarinet stop, which had a delightful effect. The last chorus, to the words “Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord Jehovah,” is a fine inspiration of genius, and reminded me forcibly of the style of Handel. It is a double fugue for eight voices, each choir working out and maintaining its own subject, now heard in separate distinctness, now mingled with its antagonist theme in one full swell of majestic concord. On hearing this composition I could not resist the reflection that the musical section of Rochester is fortunate in possessing such an organist, and that that organist is equally happy in his connection with such a cathedral, choir, and organ. It may be an additional satisfaction to all who are interested in the welfare and integrity of our cathedral establishments, to learn that the Dean of Rochester, in the true spirit of patriarchal kindness, entertains at dinner all the officiating clergy, the choir and the organist, during his period of residence.

VIATOR.

## Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

“Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and notes!” SHAKESPEARE.

No. XLVI.

### A BRIEF EXPOSITION OF THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

WHEN we consider that the musical notation at present in use has gradually grown up from those primitive days, when the expression of a few simple sounds upon paper was all that was necessary to be provided for, it is obvious that to regard it as an organized and complete system of notation, would be to judge it by a standard to which it never originally aspired.

As musical science has from time to time developed itself, and musical instruments been expanded and perfected, the notation, instead of being systematised to accord with them, has been patched up, bit by bit, until it has now reached a point at which the little rationality which was left in it has ceased to exist, and even its best friends are compelled to admit its falsity. *Sharps* and *flats*, which have originally been departures from the natural diatonic scale, have gradually crept in to aid us in forming other diatonic scales, until, finding that their continual presence is actually essential to the notation, they have taken advantage of its weakness to set up on their own account, and actually in the present day have almost succeeded in driving the *soi-disant* “natural” scale from the field. The staff of five lines, too, has now no meaning whatever; for, in consequence of the extension of modern instruments, leger-lines have been added to such a degree, both below it and above it, that the original staff forms merely five steps of a long ladder, and there is consequently no more reason why it should consist of five than of any greater or lesser number of lines. Nay this is not all; for, as even by this method of extension, the whole compass of voices and instruments cannot be accurately represented, recourse has been had to characters called *clefs*, the place of which in the staff is made to point out a certain note from which all others are to be reckoned. It is a question, however, whether this remedy is not worse than the disease; for, although by the use of clefs the notation is kept more in the staff than it would otherwise be, and the

enormous number of leger-lines which would be necessary *without clefs* is abridged, still the labour of learning the notes, altered as they are in pitch by each clef, and of generally reading in two or more clefs at the same time, is the heavy penalty.

In consequence, too, of the clumsy and unscientific manner in which this line-and-space method of indicating degrees of pitch has been carried out, the student finds that, although the natural diatonic division into *sevens* is duly acknowledged in musical nomenclature, and on key-boards, each note, when it appears on paper, must be learned *individually*. The place of one C, for instance, is no guide at all to the place of another C. The time-honoured Guidonian system of notation pays no more attention to the great fact of a spontaneous partition of the entire scale of sounds into successive groups, similar in their effect on the ear, than if such fact had no existence; indeed, were we to reason from the appearance of music upon paper, we should imagine that, instead of stopping at the letter G in our nomenclature, and commencing again at A, we were compelled to use the letters H, I, J, &c., until we arrived at another clef, when a new series of sounds commenced, for the names of which we were under the necessity of choosing a certain number of letters, beginning at that which happened to be at the bottom of the staff. The difficulty occasioned by the use of many clefs is now, however, so fully understood, that, in spite of the numerous absurdities which it produces, the custom of writing in *two only*—the bass and the treble—has generally obtained; the amateur preferring rather to mount the scale of sounds by these two long ladders, than by a number of short ones joined together.

If we examine closely into the matter, however, we shall find that whilst we continue to write by *fixed sounds*, it is utterly impossible to approach anything like rationality in our notation. The natural scale of C being taken as the model by which all diatonic scales are to be arranged, every note extraneous to this key is termed *flat* or *sharp*, as the case may be. This is extremely simple whilst we adhere to the key from which these sounds have been named; but the moment we quit it, and attempt to form other scales, the utmost incongruity arises. If, for instance, we chromatically raise the tonic in this model-key, it is perfectly right that it should be called *C sharp*, because it is a note *out of the scale*; but in the key of D we find that this same sound must still be termed *C sharp*, although it is now the *leading-note*, and consequently as *natural* an interval as any other in the key. In the key of F every note is *natural* except the fourth, which is *flat* in the key, and can only be sharpened by a *natural*. This extraordinary confusion of terms, it will be at once seen, must cause endless perplexity to the musical student, who, having studied both the nomenclature and the key-board in the natural key of C major, is compelled to discover by experience that *every one* of the extraneous sounds in this scale may be selected as a *key-note*, and that all the rest must in turn be tortured, and many entirely re-christened, to accord with them. By this arrangement, therefore, although in fact all keys are equally *natural*—major keys being constructed according to one unvarying method, and minor keys according to another—so artificial is our present mode of *noting* them, that some are considered “easy,” and others “difficult:” indeed, the very keys which are selected by the master for the youthful pupil, on account of the simplicity of the notation, are usually those which are avoided by the modern composer, as beneath the notice of an adept. Thus a false colouring has been given to the entire scale of sounds—the result solely of the manner in which we have hitherto been compelled to represent them upon paper.

In the *duration* of notes we shall also discover the same want of philosophical accuracy which we have already spoken of as regards their pitch. The *semibreve* is now the longest note in use; and this, as the name implies, is the *half* of a note which was called a *breve*, because it was shorter than other notes which had previously fulfilled every office necessary for the notation of the music then in existence. This note, however, being fixed as the standard upon which all divisions are to be effected, it is found that, as rapidity of execution has gradually advanced, the divisions of the semibreve have been getting smaller and smaller, until we have almost insensibly begun to assign a certain fixed value to notes which in themselves really express nothing. Thus *three-two*, which means three minims in the bar, has been very nearly edged out of the notation by *three-four*, which is precisely the same time represented by crotchets; and *three-eight*, which means three quavers in the bar, may, by an artful appeal to the locomotive taste of the age, eventually succeed in gaining the day, and compelling composers to add tails to their notes until the performer shall find it an actual impossibility to count them. When we reflect that all these three times are *exactly alike*—that *three notes* of some kind in the bar are all that are in reality required—that *three-eight* may, by a metronomic mark, be made a *funeral time*, and *three-two*, by the same means, a *lively waltz*, it must be candidly confessed that, although by our defective method of noting duration, three methods of expressing one thing may exist, a system which should enable writers to adhere to one unvarying form for expressing *double*, and to another for expressing *triple*, rhythm, whilst they should also be furnished with the means of accurately denoting the *velocity* of the entire

composition, must of necessity be an incalculable benefit both to composer and performer.

To expose the defects and anomalies of any existing evil, however, without being able to propose something better in its place, would not only be absurd, but utterly useless. I have now, therefore, to speak of a system of notation which, based as it is upon nature, rests too securely upon this solid foundation to be in the slightest degree shaken by any use to which it may, now or hereafter, be applied.

THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION was first given forth to the public, by its inventor, Mr. Arthur Wallbridge, in a small pamphlet, published in December, 1843.

It might be expected that, indisputable as the facts contained in this little pamphlet really were, anything so radical in tendency, and so utterly regardless of established notions, would have provoked much opposition. Such, however, was not the case. The pamphlet was sent to every journal, both in the metropolis and the provinces, and the result was such that, even had the author not intended in the first instance to make it a decided movement, such notices must certainly have suggested to him the desirability of so doing.

The interim having been spent in improving and simplifying the ideas which had been made public by the pamphlet, a second and enlarged edition, illustrated by five large plates, was published in August, 1844. This excited much attention; and with one voice it was admitted that the system proposed was in every respect more rational, more simple, and more easily understood than that at present in use. It was at this time that I first became really acquainted with the system. Finding that the Sequential Notation was evidently progressing to a movement, I like many others before me, resolved to examine that which I had refused to inquire into when a mere theory. My advocacy of the system in the "Musical World" has amply proved how entirely I became converted, not only to the abstract truth, but to the extreme ease and simplicity of the proposed notation; and I am fully convinced that any musician who will shake off his previous notions sufficiently to allow him to investigate the subject impartially must agree with my estimate of its merits.

The system being now fairly before the public, the first step made by Mr. Wallbridge towards a practical demonstration was in July and August of the present year, when he delivered a series of lectures at Blagrove's Rooms in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. These lectures were illustrated by diagrams, and the matter as fully explained to the audience as the limited time would permit. The press now completely admitted "Sequentialism" to be a real movement, and the proposition assumed a decidedly practical air.

Since that time Mr. Wallbridge has effected still further improvements; and the following is a brief outline of the system in its now thoroughly matured and working form.

In the first place, I must mention that the system is divided into two branches; *Musicography*, a stenographic method for the use of composers in writing down their ideas, and *Musicotypy*, a developed and enlarged method for publication. As the latter of these is, however, the more important, inasmuch as it is the mode which will invariably be presented to the general public, it is upon this that I shall chiefly dwell, merely remarking afterwards in what particular points Musicography differs from it.

The basis of the Sequential System is the division of the entire scale into groups of twelve chromatic, or seven diatonic, sounds; a fact which, as I have before remarked, has hitherto been entirely unrecognised in our notation. The group, being considered apart from either diatonic or chromatic arrangement, is merely termed a *sequence*; and this fundamental principle being that upon which the entire notation is constructed, it is accordingly termed the "Sequential System." The fixed scale of sounds is called the *absolute* scale in the Sequential System, because each of them is fully recognised as existing independently of any other whatever. They are named *one, two, three, four, &c.*, up to *twelve*—commencing with every sound now called *F*—and are signified on paper by the Arabic numerals answering to these names—the figures 10, 11 and 12 being slightly altered, in order to make each a *single* figure. All *absolute* sounds, represented thus by numerals, appear in notation merely to *point out the key*, and to declare the pitch of seven notes selected according to rule from the before-mentioned twelve, and occupying the places of a *staff*.

But, instead of the present staff of five lines—for the use of which I have never yet heard a philosophical reason—the Sequential staff consists only of *three*, which are exactly sufficient to contain the seven notes of the diatonic scale—the *key-note* being always placed immediately below the staff, and the *leading-note* immediately above it. The sounds indicated thus in a staff are called *relative*, because they bear a certain understood relation to each other, under the influence of the numeral which, set at the commencement and marked as *major* or *minor*, determines the key in which the composition is to be performed.

To distinguish the particular *sequence* intended, the form of the note varies. The notes of the *standard* sequence, from which all the other sequences are reckoned, are written with a plain perpendicular stroke. In those which *ascend* from this, oblong square heads, either shut or open, are attached to the *right* of the note, and in those which *descend*, to the *left*. The simplicity and rationality of this method must be apparent to all; for here all keys are equally natural, sharps and flats never appearing save in *departures* from the diatonic scale; which departures are signified by the notes slanting to the *right* for a *sharp*, and to the *left* for a *flat*. All scales being thus presented precisely the same to the eye, *transposition* is of course one of the easiest operations in the world; for we have but to rub out the numeral key-note at the commencement and substitute another—or even *imagine* another—and the whole composition becomes at once transposed. A child, therefore, can play any melody in his instruction-book in one key as well as another; and even the first lesson in the Pianoforte Primer, might as readily be written with 2 for a key-note as with 8; although, in our present notation, we should write the first of these in *F sharp* (six sharps) or *G flat* (six flats), and the second in *C*, which is now falsely termed the *only natural major key*.

But it may be asked, why have my observations been hitherto almost solely confined to *major* keys? The answer is because, in the Sequential System, the minor is merely considered to be a systematic alteration of the major key—the only difference being that the *third* and *sixth* of the scale are flattened. In the present system the seventh of this scale appears to be kept minor, in order that it may be accidentally raised every time it occurs as a leading-note. The truth is that the *G sharp* is as much a true interval of the scale in *A minor* as in *A major*; and consequently if any accidental is to be used at all, it should be when the seventh is *flattened* or *d-parts* from the key. In the best compositions in a minor key the sixth is minor and the seventh major; and although custom has sanctioned the introduction of the major sixth in a *mere ascending scale*, it must ever be considered as a temporary departure from the key. In proof of this theory I would refer the reader to Mozart's Sonata in *C minor*, which is likely to be at every pianist's fingers' ends. To signify, therefore, the minor scale in the Sequential System, a curve is placed above the numeral selected as indicative of the key, which curve shows that the third and sixth of the scale are to be flattened; and this is all with which the Sequential student will be troubled respecting the hitherto confused notions on this subject.

We next come to degrees of *duration*; and it will be seen that the Sequential System, being founded upon truly rational principles, is as much opposed to the present system in this department as in the department of *pitch*. A scale of absolute degrees of duration is formed, which bears the same reference to *Maelzel's Metronome* that the scale of absolute sounds bears to *concert-pitch*. This scale, like the scale of absolute sounds, is named by the numerals 1, 2, 3, &c., and one of these is, in a similar manner, placed at the commencement of the composition; thus denoting the precise *velocity* intended by the composer, and determining accurately the *duration* of each note succeeding it, as the key-note determines the *pitch*. These "relative quantities" are signified by a stem attached to the note, and one or two lines attached to the stem, which lines are either *closed, open, or serrated*. All our numerous methods of marking the rhythm are ruthlessly swept away; and the only natural division being into *double* and *triple*, these two are all that the Sequential System recognises. Every bar is filled by one note called an *Integer*, which note is divisible into two or three notes of the next lesser denomination, accordingly as the time is double or triple; and as in double rhythm we have two partitions in the bar, and in triple rhythm three, each of the partitions is of course occupied by one of these lesser notes. As it is considered, therefore, that any note can at any time be as well divided into *three* as into *two*, the awkward expedient of placing a dot after a note, as in six-eight time, merely to express that it is divisible into three, is of course avoided. Notes which are to be marked as *double* have the stem attached to the *left* side, whilst those which are to be marked as *triple* have it attached to the *right*. In the Sequential System a *dot* is only placed after a note when it is to be lengthened beyond its real value—never when it merely requires to be shown as divisible into three. But in the Guidonian notation even the *dot* does not answer all purposes; for in six-eight time, for instance, the note which occupies half the bar being already dotted, it is impossible to lengthen it *one-third* or *two-thirds* without, in the first case, binding a *quaver* to it, and, in the second, a *crotchet*. Sequentialism, however, provides for this, as for every other, contingency. With respect to a *double* note, one dot lengthens it *one fourth*, two dots *half*, and three dots *three-fourths*. As regards a *triple* note, one dot lengthens it *one-third*, and two dots *two-thirds*.

The metronome is, on all occasions, made to rule despotically over the entire composition; and instead of seeing, as in our present notation,



one piece written in minims, another in crotchets, and another in quavers—all of which are shown by the metronomic mark to mean *precisely the same thing*—we have one unvarying set of notes, *two* of which, as I have before mentioned, occupy the *bar in double*, and *three* in *triple* rhythm, and all of which are derived from the standard note the *integer*.

The *rests*, in the Sequential System, precisely correspond in appearance with the notes which they silently represent; and this, as we all know, is not the case in the present system.

As a completion of the Sequential scheme, Mr. Wallbridge proposes the adoption of a few arbitrary signs, in lieu of the many vague terms now in use, indicating degrees of force, expression, &c., which have gradually been abstracted from the Italian dictionary.

It will be at once seen that, in the Guidonian system, the custom of drawing ledger lines above and below the staff has originated from the fact of its being utterly impossible for the eye to catch the true position of the note, were the staff to be *continued* to the required distance beyond the five lines. The only mode by which this extension can ever rationally be effected is one by which each staff should contain a group of seven notes, which group might then be repeated *ad infinitum*. To effect this, the Rev. Thos. Salmon, in 1672, proposed that seven notes, reckoned from G, should be written on a staff of four lines; so that, by placing one staff above another, and denoting by letters at the commencement the octave intended, the pitch should be clearly defined. This attempt at reform, however, sank into oblivion—was afterwards revived by Malcolm—and again forgotten. In 1829, a writer in the *Harmonicon*, who signed himself "H," improved upon the previous plan, and suggested a staff of *three* lines, the bottom note of which staff should invariably represent the note A. By means of figures placed in the staff, the octave was to be pointed out; and thus the use of clefs and ledger-lines might be dispensed with.

All these propositions, however, were merely ingenious contrivances for patching up a system radically defective in its nature; and it is, therefore, no wonder that they were allowed to pass away. The root of the evil is *the writing by fixed sounds at all*. The scheme of "H" was very well whilst A was selected as a key-note, and consequently written *at the bottom of the staff*; but in other keys it is obvious that the symmetry of the entire arrangement would be much injured. The unsatisfactory method of denoting the octave intended by *letters or figures* was also a great objection, and far inferior to a system in which it can be invariably represented by the *notes themselves*.

The particular sequence intended being in the Sequential System pointed out by the *form of the note*, the utmost advantage can be taken of the before-mentioned ideas of a philosophically correct scale of lines and spaces divided into distinct staves, as the alteration of pitch, when extending into another sequence, can, at will, be signified either by alteration of the sequence-sign in the *same staff*, or by the same sequence-sign placed in *another staff*, draw above or below the preceding. As, too, the seven notes in the staff of three lines, are *relatively unvarying*,—the key-note, for instance, always appearing *at the bottom of the staff*, whatever may be the key—the symmetrical appearance of the composition to the eye is preserved in all cases. When, however, it is found necessary to ascend above, or to descend below, a staff, the *whole* of an additional staff is not drawn, unless the whole be wanted, but only so many lines as are actually required. Thus the room occupied is just about the same as that taken up by the present perplexing method of *additional ledger-lines*. But whatever the number of sequence-signs, or whatever the number of staves, employed—the *seven notes of the key* appear in their appropriate lines and spaces, and are at once recognised by the reader.

It will be unnecessary to enlarge upon the slight characteristics which distinguish *Musicography* from the method of *Musicotypy* which I have described. Suffice it to say that the notes will be written upon a *single staff*, (except in certain cases, as for instance where two hands are required, as in piano-forte compositions,) and that the *sequence-sign* will be considered amply sufficient to determine the particular pitch intended. The oblong square heads, either open or closed, appearing as sequence-signs in *Musicotypy*, will, in this method, be rapidly indicated by short strokes or loops. The *open line* attached to the stem in certain of the degrees of duration will be replaced by a *thin line*, which will contrast sufficiently with a *thick line* and *waving line*, answering to the *closed* and *serrated* lines of *Musicotypy*. Repetitions of groups will be denoted by appropriate indications of duration drawn across the staff, as practised at present; and, as the Musicographic department of Sequentialism develops itself, numerous stenographic signs will doubtless be introduced, which will materially abridge the labour of the composer.

As in the Sequential System all keys appear on paper precisely

alike, it is obvious that the principles of the notation cannot be thoroughly carried out by pianists unless the key-board be *chromatically* arranged, so as to afford facilities for playing in all keys with equal ease. To introduce this key-board generally will of course be the ultimate object of Sequentialists; but, in order that all persons already possessing piano-fortes may avail themselves of the new notation, it will *first* be applied to the *diatonic* construction of key-board in ordinary use.

I have now given a brief exposition of the system, the minute details of which are as scientific and as rational as the broad foundations upon which they are built. The immense benefits resulting from the adoption of Mr. Wallbridge's principles must be too apparent to be for a moment doubted. Singers, for example, who are all taught to sing by *fixed sounds*, are continually striving to sing by *intervals of the key*: it is a struggle of nature against art; and, as regards *popular singing*, the fact of all the lessons in Mainzer's Class-book being written in the keys of C, F, and G, will fully prove how difficult this struggle is tacitly admitted to be. In the Sequential Notation, pupils who have once learned the formation of the diatonic scale can, of course, sing in all keys equally well; and transposition is effected by the master merely sounding the required key-note.

The Sequentialist having all the difficulties of music *at first* presented to him—instead of, as in the present system, *discovering them gradually*—will not only be able to play or sing in every key from the commencement of his practice, but can never consider them as varying from each other except as respects their natural difference of pitch.

Score reading will, by this system, be rendered simple in the extreme. Instead of, as at present, having a number of instruments *appearing* to play in a variety of keys, the entire score will be *presented to the eye precisely as it is presented to the ear*. From the bottom to the top of the score, *seven places in the staff*, differing only in sequence, are all that the conductor will have to read; and the harmonies will be clear and distinct, instead of being, as in the present system, so confusedly and irrationally shown as only to be comprehended by the select few who have devoted years of hard study to the task.

In conclusion, I believe Sequentialism to be the chief thing now wanting to clear music of the many absurdities and incongruities which, from want of proper attention, have been suffered for ages to accumulate around it. With regard to its advancement, there can be little doubt that whatever is *true* will, in the present day, be acted upon. Few persons who investigate the matter will refuse to admit the immense superiority of the Sequential System over the false and cumbrous method of notation which now prevails; and, as Mr. Wallbridge justly says in his work on the subject, that "there should be one only mode of proceeding with intelligent people—to *reject* a thing if *bad*, or to *accept* it if *good*," it is for the public to institute a deliberate examination into the real merits of the proposed reform.

## Dramatic Intelligence.

DEURY LANE THEATRE.—The success of Mr. Wallace's new opera, "Maritana," on Saturday night, was triumphant and complete. It is enough to record the fact here, as our leading articles of this and the succeeding number will be devoted to a detailed and elaborate account.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A lengthened account of the new comedy, by a son of the celebrated Sheridan Knowles, will appear in our next number. Mr. Webster's endeavours to entertain the public, are as incessant as they are almost uniformly successful.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The new ballet is running a brilliant career. An original farce, "Jack of both Sides," and a new play "Violet," have been produced since our last by the indefatigable lessee. We owe our readers an account of each of these successful novelties—and our punctuality in the liquidation of our debts of honor being proverbial, it may stand as security that they will not be long in coming.

## Reviews.

"*A Treatise on Harmony.*" ALFRED DAY. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

It has been long a subject of regret for the philosophical musician, that the rules to which his art is subject are fully proved to be inadequate to its government. This it is that in our scientific and literary circles reduces music to so low a consideration in the scale of the fine arts, and obtains for musical genius and its productions so low an estimate in the scale of intellectual greatness; and this, indeed, it is that excludes music from the list of the natural sciences—for it is justly argued that while in every other art the best works of the great masters are adduced as illustrations of the laws by which such arts are governed, and while these laws are traced from the masterpieces of genius to some original principle of nature, in music the received laws are evidently nothing more than artificial, and the works of the great masters serve only to illustrate their fallacy, as in these works we find that all the received rules are continually violated. We say, unhesitatingly, that all the received rules of music are violated, speaking from the experience of a long habit of contrasting the masterpieces of musical composition with the rules according to which they are said to have been produced: and it is a striking anomaly that the aberrations from rule, in the cases to which we refer, are esteemed among the greatest beauties of their authors. The usual explanation of this manifest contradiction is, that the rules are made for the discipline of pedants, over which it is the peculiar province of genius to triumph—or in other words, that the musical student must spend one half of his career in the attainment of principles which it will cost him at least the other half to forget, or to learn how to violate. The application of this in practice is something like the following:—Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn—violate the laws of music—they are men of taste equal to their originality—and what this urges that directs—and thus in most cases a beautiful effect is the result—whereas many an anonymous writer, believing in his own genius, and with ambition and no taste, determines to be in all he writes original. "Beethoven broke rules," is his motto—why should not he? He too breaks the rules, but having no taste to assist his speculations, is original, but proportionably offensive; or, in other cases, a writer indites a heterodox passage and defends it by saying he found it in such or such another of the great masters—which is to confess he stole it.

This leads us to the conclusion that the laws, thus justifiably infringed, must be themselves unjustifiable, and that music, which more than any medium of poetry is marked by rhythm, form, and order, is itself without form, and void—a speculation which depends not upon its self-evident principles to be right or wrong, but upon the amount of genius only in the artists who exercise it. Can this be? Is it that the many wonderful expressions of the beautiful to which music has given utterance are merely fortuitous accidents, from the aggregate of which no pure theory can be deduced? Must the student, in this, more limited by his school than the student of any other art, be for ever perplexed, which rules to follow, which to reject—where to steal from others, where to think for himself? Should we contentedly admit that while language has its rhetoric, painting its perspective, sculpture its anatomy, argument its logic for the tests of its being natural or false, music has nothing but the caprice of each of its individual votaries, and that the student must follow example for precept, and this of course at the expense of his originality? Such truly, we find

now to be the case, and such is the matter that is, we urge, so much to be regretted.

Amongst the very many works on Harmony with which our experience has hitherto acquainted us, we are surprised to recollect how very few original doctrines are proposed by any. We observe on the contrary, that the difference between them, for the most part, consists in their variety of technical terms (a matter of the slightest possible importance), and in their different classifications of the various branches of the subject (a matter purely referable to such or such a teacher's peculiar method of instruction), rather than in any real originality in each author's view of the fundamental principles of the science that any one of them propounds. Thus we have, to express the same thing in different books, the various terms "extreme sharp," "superfluous," "redundant," "major," "augmented," &c.—which confusion must greatly perplex the student who seeks to complete his knowledge by the reading of all that has been written; and we have in some works the rules for the government of the essential discords given before those of the unessential—or the contrary—or indeed, entirely overlooked—or more minutely than usually described—but these seem to be mere points of accident than of principle;—while, with the exception of the controversy of Kirnberger and Marpurg, as to the derivation of the, so called, added sixth—the system of Vogler, propounded also by Schneyder von Wurtensee—and that of Gottfried Weber, adopted by Freiderich Schneider—we are scarcely aware of any theory propounding original principles, and assisting by its new light the philosophical seeker after truth.

The *Treatise on Harmony*, by Dr. Alfred Day, which has recently appeared, differing from the generality of works above alluded to, proposes an entirely new theory of music, professing to distinguish between the artificial principles upon which the earliest composers wrote, and the natural feelings from the dictates of which the greatest beauties of the modern school have been produced. It refers to the Harmonic Scales of Nature, as the source to which all musical combinations are to be traced, and it explains the various modifications under which the combinations derived from this scale can be employed, with their various treatment, in an entirely original manner. In short, it assumes to supply that great desideratum with regard to music, to which we have above alluded. With these ambitious pretensions the work is, at least, worthy the careful examination of all who are interested in the advancement of the arts; but it is at the same time exposed to the prejudices arising from the wilful tenacity of old and habitual notions in all who, from the continual practice of the system in which they may have been educated, have become, as it were, identical with the same, and feel their self respect to be slighted by the proposition of any variation from their own received opinions, and so unconsiderately reject all innovations, however, they may illustrate or elucidate the subject. The important nature of the work, the good which if its principles be true, it may render to the art, and the prejudice that, as we have assumed, must, whether they be true or false, merely because they are new, and for their novelties' sake, exist against them, induce us to give a very lengthened and careful notice of Dr. Day's book, in this journal; the object of which will be, not to compare the present with any preceding theories, but by a considerate analysis of its merits to shew, as they strike us, its peculiar tenets, and leave it so to speak for itself—assured that our readers who are familiar with the theories of other writers, will, by having a fair opportunity to judge of all, be able of themselves to separate the authentic from the surreptitious.

(To be continued.)

## Original Correspondence.

FLOWERS *versus* MOLINEUX.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

My dear Sir,

The name of the anonymous critic of the "*Literary Gazette*," has been mentioned in this journal a few weeks past. As no one can be said to be anonymous when his name is known, and as I cannot conceive the reviewer of my notice of Mr. Day's work a stranger to these pages; who, purely on account of my trifling review, (for it is a mere prelude to what will follow), took the "*Musical World*" for the first time into his hands, I am obliged to conclude, therefore, that he has descended to a trifling falsehood (if falsehood can be trifling). I will presently reply to this gentleman's hypercritical and grammatical review; which, if it do not show that a grammarian may be a shallow person, will, at least, convince others, that it requires more depth than he has evinced creditably to maintain his grounds.

Having, thus, acknowledged myself the writer of the review in question, the reviewer of it, has the advantage over me; and as he has stooped so low as to descend to personalities, perhaps, he will have no objection to raise himself above such menial argument, and like a man and a gentleman give up his name also. There are three reasons why a man indulges in personalities; viz. low breeding; low understanding; and a high admiration for acrimony. Now, I will adduce, as an instance, the remarks he made concerning a bar of one of my fugues. Had that gentleman been acquainted with the works of Abbé Vogler (and as a reader of this journal, he knows I am), he would never have considered me so ignorant of his system of harmony, as to have written one voice in one scale or mode, and another voice in another scale. The first two notes in the third and fourth voices should have had *naturals* before them, and in the corrected copies, the mistake of the printer in this and other respects has not been overlooked. Any one professing to be musical, at all, must have seen that I could not have been guilty of such gross violation of the laws of harmony, as to have intended the first two notes in the third and fourth voices to have been *flats*.

In order, the more fully, to place the reviewer of my notice in equality with me, and as the pages of the "*Musical World*," have so frequently indulged in personalities; I present not only him (the reviewer), but every musical reader of this journal a *similar challenge*, to the one I have given the *cipherer*, Mr. Molineux: then men of the world may judge who has most reason to talk of "*impertinence*," and who, to advantage, has read the works of Godfried Weber, Schneider (not Schneyder), and Cherubini (who occasionally and properly, breaks *his own* and others' laws) on harmony and counterpoint. Lastly, a simple ballad may be *music*, but not *counterpoint*; thus then the first sentence of the review in question is valueless, and the treatment of it against the writer's own intention.

## FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—Will you obligingly correct the errors of my last letter, viz., "I might have had a better motive for concealing A (not "my") name," The other is, "he stepped forward and *threw down the intellectual*," which should have been "he stepped forward and *threw down the intellectual garment*."

Permit me to observe that the reviewer of my notice to Mr. Day's work should have paused before he attacked my language, for his own is very ungrammatical, as I shall show, in my next letter.

There is one mistake in my last letter which should be corrected—it is the quotation from "*The Illustrated London News*," viz.:—"The Queen of England came late, and only after it had been suggested to Liszt and Spohr" (not *spoken*) "by your correspondent." Should Mr. Gruneisen have been the correspondent of that journal, he certainly did not speak to Dr. Spohr, German being to the former an unknown tongue.

F. F.

## Miscellaneous.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—On Friday night Covent Garden theatre presented a brilliant and animated spectacle, being crowded to suffocation from the roof to the base. Nothing can be more tasteful and splendid than the style in which it is decorated and laid out for the peculiar object to which it is at present devoted—viz., musical peripatetics. The orchestra,

if possible, improved by still further experience of close companionship, may now challenge any orchestra of its kind in the universe. M. Jullien's appearance in the conductor's place was hailed by vociferous cheering, which lasted several minutes. The programme contained great variety. Among the classical pieces were the overture to *Der Freischütz*, magnificently executed, and the *Andante* and *Scherzo* (with the storm) from the Pastoral symphony of Beethoven—no less beautifully rendered, A *pot pourri*, from *Robert le Diable*, was highly effective and served to manifest the excellences of Baumann, Barrett, and several of the solo performers. The quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, &c., were chiefly from the pens of M. M. Jullien and Koenig, and were selected from their most popular works. A *Tarantelle*, by Roch Albert, was boisterously cheered. The solos were for *cornet* and *flute*, by Koenig and Richardson—both were applauded to the echo. At an early hour the immense crowd had separated, delighted with their cheap and varied entertainment.

FANNY ELSLER is at Rome.

NORTHAMPTON.—(*Theatre Royal*).—Mr. Clement White took his benefit on Wednesday evening, and met with the cordial welcome of a numerous and respectable audience. Mr. White's own pretty operetta, "*The Hunter's Bride*," was the opening piece, in which a very sweet song, very charmingly sung, "I have thought of thee," elicited a just applause. But in "*Ould Ireland you're my darling*," the audience were absolutely enthusiastic, and "*Kitty Creagh*" was irresistibly encored. The last piece was "*Green Bushes*," in which, as Wild Murtough, Mr. White kept his audience in a roar of laughter.—*The Northampton Mercury*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examination for the King's Scholarships is fixed for Friday, Dec. 19th.

MR. BLAGROVE has announced thirteen full band amateur meetings, for the purpose of practising the symphonies and overtures of the great masters, ancient and modern. The first meeting is fixed for Tuesday evening, Nov. 25, at Mr. Blagrove's rooms in Mortimer Street. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the object of these meetings, and no professor better qualified than Mr. Blagrove, who will lead the band on each occasion, to carry it out satisfactorily.

FLORA FABBRI.—A private letter from Paris, emanating from the very highest authority, calls our attention to this young *danseuse*, who has just arrived from the *Academie*, in Paris. The writer assures us that, excepting Carlotta Grisi, the charming and inimitable queen of Parisian dance, no artist in Paris can bear a comparison with Mdlle. Flora Fabbri. She is announced to appear before an English public, at Drury Lane Theatre, on Saturday night, in the *Devil to Pay*, under which cognomen Old Drury's version of the thrice popular *Diable a Quatre* will be produced.

EVENINGS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.—Under this attractive title, Mr. Henry Lincoln has announced four lectures, illustrated with vocal and instrumental music, at the Western Literary Institution in Leicester Square. The subjects of the lectures will be Haydn, Cherubini, Cimarosa, and Mendelssohn. For other particulars see our advertising pages. We shall attend, and give our readers detailed accounts of each lecture. Mr. Henry Lincoln has acquired great reputation by his lectures at Crosby Hall, in the City, and we doubt not will fully establish his fame among the West-end amateurs and professors.

MILAN.—A Miss Hayes, a soprano vocalist, native of Ireland, has made a great sensation as *prima donna* at the *Scala*. She debuted in the *Sonnambula*.



**THE ITALIAN'S LOVE OF MUSIC.**—I have seen and heard much of an Italian's love of music, but nothing illustrating it so forcibly as an incident that occurred last evening at the opera. In the midst of one of the scenes, a man in the pit near the orchestra was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonising groans broke from his struggling bosom. The *prima donna* came forward at that moment, but seeing this livid, death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start, that for once was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass singer, and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the *prima donna* was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest of the play was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted "Go on; go on!" Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprung bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind him, all absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale, corpse-like face upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of the trumpets, and the voice of the singer, drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now like the ascending lark was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstasy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, "Brava, brava!" and then hurriedly placing them back again to prevent his springing up in his convulsive throes. It was a perfectly maddening spectacle, and the music jarred on the chords of my head like the blows of a hammer. But the song was ended, the effect secured, and so the spectators could attend to the sufferer. In the midst of the commotion the *gend'armes* entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre.—*Letters from Italy.*

**EXETER HALL.**—The Sacred Harmonic Society give their second performance on Wednesday, the 26th instant. *Israel in Egypt* will be repeated.

M. BENEDICT and Signor Costa were among the associates lately elected by the Philharmonic Society.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the pianist, has made a great sensation in New York.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL has been giving his entertainments, at the "Saturday Evening Concerts," Liverpool, to crowded audiences. At an extra entertainment, on Thursday, the 23d ult., (according to the *Liverpool Mail*) hundreds were unable to obtain admission. In Yorkshire Mr. Russell has carried all before him.

**LISZT.**—The cantata written by this celebrated pianist for the Beethoven Inauguration at Bonn will shortly be executed in Paris—Jules Janin, an intimate friend of the composer, having made a French version of the poetry of Dr. Wolff. The cantata will also, in all probability, be heard in London in the ensuing season.

**A TREATISE ON HARMONY.** (By Alfred Day.) We are induced to notice this work a second time, on account of its having made some commotion at the Royal Academy of Music. We are informed that Mr. Macfarren had for some years previously taught the system promulgated in this book, and, as he says, in a letter published in the preface, with great success. At an Academy examination in 1843, in consequence of some slight novelty in notation, a board of professors applied to Mr. Potter to forbid the system. This, however, he did not; but it was arranged that Mr. Macfarren should not urge the objectionable points, as, the book being unpublished, the professors could not judge of it. When it was published, Mr. Macfarren instructed his pupils in the Academy to procure it. One of the students was detected reading his copy in the Academy; it was taken away from him for a time by Mr. Hamilton, the superintendent, and a letter was sent to Mr. Macfarren forbidding him to teach the system, and referring to an order of the committee prohibiting the use of any other than the work of Albrechtsberger on "Counterpoint," and that of Mr. Goss on "Harmony;" notwithstanding which, however, the catechisms of Mr. Hamilton on both subjects are used by different masters, the use of that of Mr. Goss being confined to his own pupils; and, notwithstanding orders to the contrary, every professor on every branch teaches on any system he likes best. Mr. Macfarren wrote to the committee, that from the experience he had had of Mr. Day's system, he considered that he should not satisfy his own conscience, or do justice to the Academy for his pupils, if he taught on any other, and, therefore, he must either teach on that system, or resign his professorship. After some correspondence, however, he consented, in preference to interrupting the business of the Academy, to continue his lessons until the meeting of the board of professors, which meeting took place a fortnight since. There were present—Sir H. R. Bishop, and Messrs. Potter, Bennett, Lucas, and Goss. Mr. Macfarren was invited, and attended. After some objections made by the professors, the meeting terminated, and three days afterwards Mr. Macfarren received a letter from the committee, stating that the board was unanimously of opinion that Mr. Day's book was contrary to the principles of the great masters, and therefore they recommended that it should not be used as a class book in the academy. The result has been the secession of Mr. Macfarren from the Academy, in which he had been a professor of harmony for ten or eleven years, and here the matter rests.—*Morning Post.*

**THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.**—A correspondent informs us that our clever contributor, Mr. H. C. Lunn, is preparing instruction books for the pianoforte on this system. These, according to our correspondent, will be applied to the ordinary diatonic construction of pianofortes in the first instance, and to the new chromatic method of construction afterwards. Since the lectures of Mr. Arthur Wallbridge, the inventor of the *Sequential Notation*, who had then much improved the system as originally published, other and valuable improvements have been effected, so that *Sequentialism* is perhaps now as near perfection as it can ever be brought. "In our opinion," concludes our correspondent, "the *Sequential Notation* is infinitely superior to the existing method. It is based on truth; and will certainly render musical tuition, and especially popular musical tuition, much more easy and simple than it has ever yet been rendered, or can possibly be rendered, so long as we adhere to our time-honoured, but very defective, Guidonian system of notation." How many will ultimately agree with this opinion, depends on the talent and indefatigability of Mr. Wallbridge himself—the boldness of whose theory by no means proves its fallacy.

### To Correspondents.

\*. The length of our notice of Mr. Wallace's Maritana necessarily excludes, for the present, our foreign intelligence, and other interesting matter.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Apply to Mr. C. Knight, Ludgate Hill.

MR. ALLMANN.—No. 3, in our next.

MR. MOLINEUX.—Next week.

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